

"Just stand there and be gorgeous."

That's what he'd told Tish her job was. That's what she'd been doing ever since, though now it was in a maid's uniform, like her mother's. Not really like her mother's, though. Her uniform was just a bit tighter, just a bit shorter, just a bit lower-cut. Just a bit more gorgeous.

Not that she wanted to be gorgeous, not now. Not with his eyes sliding down her body whenever she walked in carrying the tea tray, or a broom, or the trash bin. Not with his wife's eyes like razors with every glare.

Sometimes, Tish thought, the only time she saw life in Lucy's empty eyes was in those murderous glances, and she almost didn't mind. It somehow made the woman less frightening, to think that something as human as jealousy could still reach her. They both knew that if--probably when--he ever did get around to hurting her, it wouldn't be to please Lucy.

When the time came, she knew it would be to wound her sister. And of course, the Doctor.

The Doctor spoke so little now. The cheerful, maniacal banter was long gone. Tish missed her sister so much, wished she were there to lean on and tell her what to do. Martha was always the stronger one. But Martha was on some great mission for the Doctor; she didn't know what, but she knew Martha was their only hope.

And really, she was glad Martha wasn't there to see him like this--silent, weak and ancient, his skin like paper, and so cold that when she was required to help him feed himself or wash his face the feel of his icy, bony frame frightened her.

If it weren't for his unchanged eyes, still warm and brown and so so deep, she couldn't have borne looking at him. When she did, though, when their eyes met, his strength fairly poured into her; his eyes said, "Letitia Jones, it's going to be all right, I promise you," as clearly as if he'd said the words out loud. And for that brief moment, she believed him.

As it was, she didn't dare make eye contact with him very often, for fear the Master would see it. Her mother hadn't dropped her eyes fast enough once, and had paid for it with a beating, his soldiers ringing her, fists and feet connecting until she begged for forgiveness for daring to pay any attention at all to "the dog."

So when the time finally did come, almost a year into it, Tish wasn't surprised that "the dog" was to be witness.

Her parents had already collapsed, exhausted, in their bunks. Lucy had been sent to bed. It was only Tish and the cleaning up, the Doctor sitting

by his tent on the floor, and the Master swinging idly in his chair.

"Well, little maid," he said, staying her hand as she reached for a tea cup. "I hear you've been naughty."

The Doctor's head went up at the tone of the Master's voice, but his face stayed blank. Tish fought back fear and confusion as the Master's thumb stroked the back of her hand. She unthinkingly twitched her hand back a bit and his grip tightened painfully. "I--I'm sorry--Master--what?" she stumbled out.

"I hear--" he said, rising up smoothly out of the chair, his grip never shifting on her wrist, "that you've--" softly brushing back an errant curl from her neck, "been naughty." He breathed the last word against her ear and she shivered.

"I...no, Master, I--what did I do to displease you?" She shuffled through her recent actions in her head, frantically searching for what she might have done, knowing as she did so that it didn't really matter.

"You, little minx, kissed the freak."

"Kissed--" Kissed Jack. Oh god, somehow he'd seen.

She was often sent to spoon feed poor Jack, shackled in the bowels of the ship. Nothing kept the man from flirting outrageously with her--with anyone--not torture, not repeatedly dying, not even mashed swede, but she could see the misery in the bright blue eyes. Finally one day, she had hidden a little damp washcloth beneath the dish, and when she was sure no one was looking she'd gently washed the dirt and dried blood from his face and pressed her cheek against his, kissing him quickly, knowing it was the only soft touch he'd received in months. He'd been so overcome he didn't even make a cheeky remark, just shook slightly in his chains, trying not to let the tears spill. She was sure she'd been unobserved, it hadn't even taken 20 seconds.

"Oh, I see everything, my gorgeous girl," the Master whispered into her ear. "Ev-vry-thing." Then, abruptly: "Doctor. Come here." The Master grabbed both her wrists in one hand, bringing them down hard on the conference table and holding her there, bent over face down on the table top, his other hand coming down on her neck and pinning her. Tish heard the Doctor's hesitant, shuffling footsteps up to the table.

"Hold her."

The Doctor didn't move.

"If you don't do it, I'll just call in one of my men. Maybe I'll call them all in. Maybe I'll let them have her when I'm done. Would you like that, Doctor? Shall I just call them in now and...what's the phrase? Let them

have their way with her? One after the other after the other? Or all at once? Oooh, that could be fun too. I know I'd enjoy watching it. How 'bout you? No?"

A pause. "No," the ancient voice creaked.

"Well, then."

Tish felt the Doctor pull himself slowly, painfully up onto the table until he was sitting cross-legged on its surface in front of her. The Master released his grip, and the Doctor gently pulled her head into his lap, pinning her hands underneath his feet. Her head rested on one pinstriped knee, his cold hands holding her there by the neck. Behind her she felt the Master's hands slowly traveling up her legs, and gave a small whimper.

"Tish." It was the Doctor, speaking so softly she wasn't sure she heard.  
"Tish, let me help. Let me in."

Suddenly, his voice wasn't in her ears, it was in her head. "Don't be afraid. I'm in your mind. I can't stop him, but I can make this easier to bear. Do you trust me?"

She nodded imperceptibly against his knee. The Master hooked his fingers into her knickers and began to pull them down. He was saying something to the Doctor about her ass, how round and beautiful it was, how he was going to--

"Tish. Focus inward." She followed his voice inside her--

And suddenly, she was in two places at once. She could feel everything going on around her--the Doctor's suit scratchy against her cheek, the Master's hands underneath her, roughly tearing at the buttons of her uniform bodice.

And in her head, she faced the Doctor, young again, holding her hands and smiling. He brushed the tears beginning to trace down her cheeks away with gentle fingers.

"What's happening?" she said.

"Oh, my darling girl," growled the Master suddenly in her ear, "can't you tell what's happening? Let me remind you." His hand came down in a stinging slap on her naked flank, followed by another, and another--"spanked" was too gentle a word, as the slaps rained down on her ass and thighs. She gasped and sobbed, trying not to move but failing, pulling against the Doctor's surprising strength pinning down her hands and head. She heard the Master laugh delightedly as she struggled.

"Tish! LETITIA!" The Doctor was shouting in her head. "FOCUS ON ME. FOCUS ON MY VOICE. If you're going to get through this, you have to be brave. Don't speak aloud again, if you do you will give us away."

"But I'm not brave!" she sobbed within herself. "That's Martha, she's the brave one, she's the brilliant one! I bring the tea and clean up the trash, I should be fighting, I should have figured out how to fight--"

"She is brave, and she is brilliant, and you are her sister. You are brave and brilliant cleaning up the tea things, getting through this without getting yourself and your family killed, without letting him break your spirit, Tish, listen to me, you ARE fighting. By surviving and bending without breaking, you are fighting him!"

Tish concentrated hard, trying to ignore the Master's fingers as they pinched her now-reddened ass. Her inner vision cleared as she breathed deeply. In her mind, she was lying on a white bed. And there was the Doctor, spooning her close, stroking her hair and back, murmuring soft words in a stream of comforting near-nonsense. As his words and touch calmed her, she suddenly realized that neither of them had a stitch on.

The Doctor smiled. "This is the best I can do. I can't stop you from feeling what he's doing to you. I can only make it easier. Is this easier? Is it easier feeling this is coming from someone who cares about you?" He dipped his head down and kissed her neck, just as the Master bent over her and did the same. Tish moaned aloud.

"I think you might actually like this, little maid," smirked the Master. He reached under her to take her now-bare breasts in his hands. She bowed to let him.

In her mind, the Doctor palmed her breasts. "You're beautiful, Tish, so beautiful, so strong," he murmured. She pressed into the Master's hands, feeling instead the Doctor's touch. The Master took her nipples, pinching and pulling; in her mind, the Doctor rolled them more gently between his fingers. She gasped.

"This is--you are--aren't you with Martha?" she thought.

"Not like this. I've never touched her, mind or body," the Doctor replied.

"But--" And Tish's mind filled with images of her sister on the Doctor's arm at Lazarus's party: Looking up expectantly into his face, laughing and happy; running for her life but obviously more concerned for him; facing their angry, frightened mother, determined and sure of herself and her Doctor. And the last time she had seen her sister, eyes huge and filled with tears as she held the ancient man in the Doctor's clothes. Tish knew her sister, and Martha clearly loved him. "She--she--"

"I know. I know," he murmured. "I know. This is not about her. This is about getting you through this." He caught a stray thought. "Well, of course I fancy you, Letitia Jones, what humanoid wouldn't!" he laughed. "And your sister too. The beautiful, brave, bright, brown-eyed, brilliant, bonny--all those 'B' words--Sisters Jones! Silly girl."

Now there were hands pushing her legs apart, fingers pushing deep inside her. She arched her back, raising her head off the Doctor's knee and away from his hands. Instantly she lost contact with his younger self in her head, the white bed, the gentle touches. Her eyes flew wide open. She was wholly in the conference room, bent over the table. The Master's fingers were pumping inside her, spreading wetness.

"Oh, you are a naughty thing, aren't you," said the Master, his voice thick and heavy. "Look how your cunt betrays you. You're soaking my hand, little bitch. Have you been fancying your Master all this time and here I didn't know?"

Tish began to panic, her breath shallow and panting. She looked up at the Doctor, felt his bony hands on her neck pushing her head back down--

And she was back in the Doctor's arms, the long fingers of one hand inside her, the fingers of the other circling her clit. "Don't raise your head again, I have to be touching you to keep this contact up."

"I won't," she thought, "I swear I won't, just don't stop, oh God..." The fingers left her, and she whimpered. She heard the Master laugh roughly and unzip his trousers behind her. In her mind, she felt the Doctor's cock pushing against her ass, then slipping inside her.

She pushed back, groaning. Hands held her hips steady, pulling her into an insistent rhythm. In the conference room, the Master bent over her, pulling on her nipples as he fucked her hard. In her mind, she felt the Doctor's touch instead, blunting the pain, turning it into something urgent and pleasurable, almost intoxicating.

"That's it, Tish, that's my good girl," the Doctor crooned in her head. He sounded breathless, and she wondered what he felt. Was it play-acting? Did he actually feel himself inside her, as she did? "I feel everything," he answered, "everything, Tish, and you're amazing, you're perfect, you're delicious, you're--ah!"

Tish shuddered, crying out over and over as the orgasm hit her full on, her hips pounding the conference table. The Master pulled out of her with a triumphant roar, pushing the Doctor away, flipping her over onto her back and spraying her face and hair with his cum. He braced himself against the table, milking the last drops from his shrinking cock.

And then he began to laugh, so hard he could barely tuck himself back in his trousers. "Look at you, old man! Look at him, stupid girl, defender of the Earth, he is!" He pulled Tish's hair, forcing her to face the Doctor, who remained cross-legged on the table top. Across his lap was a spreading stain. "Enjoy that, did you? Or did you finally piss yourself, savior of humankind?" The Doctor remained silent, his face blank but his eyes burning. The Master regarded him uneasily.

"Clean her up," he said abruptly. The Doctor took a handkerchief from his pocket. "Not with that," he snapped. "Use your tongue. Won't be the first time, pet, don't worry about him," he said, throwing Tish's knickers onto the table and settling back into his chair. He steepled his fingers, watching in satisfaction as the Doctor carefully licked the cum and tears from Tish's face. "Not to worry, doggie, in two days the rockets launch, and I'll have the universe to play with--no time for maid-fucking. At least not for a bit."

"You were brilliant, Tish," she heard in her head. "Brilliant and beautiful and bright and brown-eyed and bonny and brave--all those B words. Just brilliant. I am proud of you. Sorry about the spit, though. Don't laugh! Oh god, don't laugh, I'm sorry, I'm going to get the both of us in trouble. I can never be serious after sex, not even deadly serious sex like this, it'll be the death of me yet. Oh yes," he added, answering her thought, "I'm still the same inside. I'm always the same, no matter what I look like. Have you been worried for me? Don't worry for me, Letitia Jones, never worry for me."

Tish shook in his arms, covering her slightly hysterical laughter with sobs that suddenly welled up from deep inside, a year's worth of tears. In her head he wrapped his arms around her and cradled her as she cried.

"You will make it through this. I promise."

"Master!" came a voice over the intercom. "We have her--we have Martha Jones's location pinpointed!"

"One more day," the Doctor whispered to her. "That's all we have to wait."